Love given over:

OR, A

SATYR

AGAINST THE

Pride, Luſt, and Inconſtancy, &c.

OF

WOMAN.

Amended by the AUTHOR.

LONDON,
Printed for *R. Bentley* and *J. Tonſon*.
1686.

HARVARD COLLEGE
FEB 26 1910
LIBRARY.
Castle fund

TO THE
READER.

THE *Pious Endeavours of the Gown, have not prov'd more ineffectual towards reclaiming the Errors of a vitious Age, than* Satyr (*the better way, tho' less practis'd*) *the amendment of* Honesty, *and good Manners among us. Nor is it a wonder, when we consider that Women, (as if they had the ingredient of* Fallen-Angel *in their composition) the more they are lash'd, are but the more hardned in Impenitence: and as Children in some violent* Distemper, *commonly spit out those cherishing Cordials, which, if taken, might chase away the Malady: So they (inspir'd as 'twere with a natural aversness to Vertue) despise that wholsom Counsel, which is* Religiously *design'd for their future good, and happiness. Judge then, if* Satyr *ever had more need of a sharper sting than now: when he can look out of his Cell on*

no ſide, but ſees ſo many Objects beyond the reach of indignation. Nor is it altogether unreaſonable for me (while others are laſhing the Rebellious Times into Obedience) to have one fling at Woman, *the Original of Miſchief. I'me ſenſible I might as well expect to ſee Truth and Honeſty uppermoſt in the World, as think to be free from the Bitterneſs of their Reſentments: But I have no reaſon to be concern'd at that; ſince I'me certain my deſign's as far from offending the good, (if there are any amongſt 'em that can be ſaid to be ſo) as thoſe few that are good, would be offended at their Reception into the Eternal Inhabitations of Peace, to be Crown'd there with the Sacred Reward of their Labours. As for thoſe that are ill, If it Gall them, it ſucceeds according to my wiſh; for I have no other deſign but the amendment of Vice, which if I could but in the leaſt accompliſh, I ſhould be well pleas'd; and not without reaſon too; for it muſt needs be ſome ſatisfaction to a young unskilful Archer, to hit the firſt Mark he ever aim'd at.*

Love

Love given over:

OR, A

SATYR AGAINST WOMAN.

AT length from Love's vile Slavery I am free,
And have regain'd my ancient Liberty:
I've shook those Chains off which my bondage wrought,
Am free as Air, and unconfin'd as thought;
For faithless *Sylvia* I no more adore,
Kneel at her feet, and pray in vain no more;
No more my Verse shall her fled worth proclaim,
And with soft praises celebrate her Name:
Her frowns do now no awful terrours bear;
Her Smiles no more can cure or cause despair.
I've banish'd her for ever from my Breast,
Banish'd the proud Invader of my rest,
Banish'd the Tyrant-Author of my woes,
That robb'd my Soul of all its sweet repose:
Not all her treacherous Arts, bewitching Wiles,
Her Sighs, her Tears, nor her deluding Smiles,
Shall my eternal Resolution move,
Or make me talk, or think, or dream of Love.
The whining Curse I've banish'd from my Mind,
And with it, all the thoughts of Womankind
Come then my Muse, and since th occasion's fair,
Against that Sex proclaim an endless War;

Which may renew as ſtill my Verſe is read,
And live, when I am mingl'd with the dead.

Woman! by Heav'ns the very Name's a Crime,
Enough to blaſt, and to debauch my Rhyme.
Sure Heaven it ſelf (intranc't) like *Adam* lay,
Or elſe ſome baniſh'd Fiend uſurp't the ſway
When *Eve* was form'd, and with her, uſher'd in
Plagues, Woes, and Death, and a new World of Sin.
The fatal Rib was crooked and unev'n,
From whence they have their Crab-like Nature giv'n;
Averſe to all the Laws of Man, and Heav'n.
O *Lucifer*, thy Regions had been thin,
Were't not for Womans propagating Sin:
'Tis they alone that all true Vices know;
And ſend ſuch Throngs down to thy Courts below:
Nay there is hardly one among 'em all,
But Envies *Eve* the glory of the Fall:
Be cautious then, and guard your Empire well;
For ſhould they once get power to rebel,
They'd ſurely raiſe a Civil-War in Hell,
Add to the pains you feel, and make you know,
W'are here above, as Curſt as you below.
But we may thank our ſelves; is there a Dog,
Who, when he may have freedom, wears the Clog?
But Man, vain Man, the more imprudent Beaſt,
Drags the dull weight when he may be releas't:
May ſuch (and Ah! too many ſuch we ſee)
While they live here, juſt only live, to be
The mark of Scorn, Contempt, and Infamy.
But if the Tide of Nature boiſt'rous grow,
And would Rebelliouſly its Banks o'erflow,
Then chuſe a Wench, who (full of lew'd deſires)
Can meet your flouds of Love with equal fires;
She only damns the Soul: but an ill Wife
Damns that, and with it all the Joys of Life:
And what vain Blockhead is ſo dull, but knows,
That of two Ills the leaſt is to be choſe?

But

But now, ſince Womans Luſt I chance to name,
Womans unbounded Luſt I'le firſt proclaim:
And ſhow that our lewd Age has brought to view,
What *Sodom*, when at worſt, had bluſh't to do.
True, I confeſs that *Rome's* Emperial Whore,
(More Fam'd for Vice, than for the Crown ſhe wore)
Into the publick Stews (diſguis'd) wou'd thruſt,
To quench the raging Fury of her Luſt;
And by ſuch Actions bravely got her Name,
Born up for ever on the Wings of Fame:
Yet this is poor, to what our Modern Age
Has hatch'd, brought forth, and acted on the Stage:
Which for the Sex's glory I'le reherſe;
And make that deathleſs, as that makes my Verſe.

Who knew not (for to whom was ſhe unknown)
Our late prodigious *Bewley?* (true, ſhe's gone
To anſwer for the num'rous Ills ſhe's done;
For if there is no Hell for ſuch as ſhe,
Heav'n is unjuſt, and that it cannot be.)
As *Albions* Iſle faſt rooted in the Main,
Does the rough Billows raging force diſdain,
Which tho' they foam, and with loud terror rore,
Yet they can never reach beyond their ſhore.
So ſhe with Luſts Enthuſiaſtick Rage,
Suſtain'd all the ſalt Stallions of the Age.
Whole Legions ſhe encounter'd, Legions tyr'd;
Inſatiate yet, ſtill freſh Supplies deſir'd.
Illuſtrious Bawd! may thy name live, and be
Abhorr'd by all, as 'tis abhorr'd by me;
Thou formoſt in the Race of Infamy!
But Bodies muſt decay; for 'tis too ſure,
There's nothing from the Jaws of Time ſecure.
Yet, when ſhe found that ſhe could do no more,
When all her Body was one putrid Sore,
Studded with Pox, and Ulcers quite all o're;
Ev'n then, by her deluſive treach'rous Wiles,
(For that's moſt ſpecious ſtill, which moſt beguiles)

Sh'enroll'd

Sh' enroll'd more Females in the List of Whore,
Than all the Arts of man e're did before;
Prest with the Pond'rous guilt, at length she fell,
And through the solid Centre sunk to Hell:
The murm'ring Fiends all hover'd round about,
And in hoarse howls did the great Bawd salute;
Amaz'd to see a fordid lump of Clay,
Stain'd with more various bolder Crimes than they:
Nor were her torments less; for the dire Train,
Soon sent her howling through the rowling flame,
To the sad seat of everlasting pain.
Cresswel, and *Stratford*, the same Path do tread,
In Sin's black Volume so profoundly read,
That whensoe're they die, we well may fear,
The very tincture of the Crimes they bear,
With strange infusion may inspire the dust,
And in the Grave commit true acts of Lust.

And now, if so much to the World reveal'd,
Reflect on the vast Stores that lie conceal'd,
How, oft into their Closets they retire,
Where flaming Dil——does inflame desire,
And gentle Lap-d——s feed the am'rous fire.
How curst is Man! when Brutes his Rivals prove,
Ev'n in the sacred Business of his Love!
Unless Religion pious thoughts instill,
Show me the Woman that wou'd not be ill,
If she conveniently could have her will.
And when the Mind's corrupt, we all well know,
The actions that proceed from't must be so.
Their guilt's as great who any ill wou'd do,
As theirs who actually that ill pursue,
That they would have it so their Crime assures;
Thus, if they durst, most Women would be Whores.
That is (and 'tis what all men will allow)
There's many wou'd be so that yet seem vertuous now,

Forgive me Modesty, if I have been
In any thing I have mention'd here, Obscene;

Yet

Yet ſtay——Why ſhould I ask that Boon of thee,
When 'tis a doubt if ſuch a thing there be?
For Woman, in whoſe Breaſts thou'rt ſaid to raign,
And ſhow the glorious Conqueſts thou doſt gain,
Deſpiſes thee, and only Courts the Name:
(Sounds, tho' we cannot ſee, yet we may hear,
And wonder at their ecchoing through the Air)
Thus, led by what deluſive Fame imparts,
We think thy Throne's erected in their Hearts;
But w'are deceiv'd, as faith we ever were,
For if thou art, I'me ſure thou art not there:
Nothing in thoſe vile Manſions does reſide,
But rank Ambition, Luxury, and Pride.
Pride is the Deity they moſt adore,
Hardly their own dear ſelves they cheriſh more:
Survey their very Looks, you'l find it there;
How can you miſs it when 'tis ev'ry where?
Some through all hunted Natures Secrets trace,
To fill the Furrows of a wrinkl'd Face;
And after all their toyl (pray mark the Curſe)
They've only made that which was bad, much worſe.
As ſome in ſtriving to make ill Coin paſs,
Have but the more diſcover'd that 'twas Braſs.
Nay thoſe that are reputed to be fair,
And know how courted, how admir'd they are,
Who one would think God had form'd ſo compleat,
They had no need to make his Gifts a Cheat;
Yet they too in adulteration ſhare,
And wou'd in ſpight of Nature, be more fair.
Deluded Woman! tell me, where's the gain,
In ſpending Time upon a thing ſo vain?
Your pretious Time, (O to your ſelves unkind!)
When 'tis uncertain you've an hour behind
VVhich you can call your own; For tho' y'are Fair,
And beautiful as Guardian Angels are;
Adorn'd by Nature, fitted out by Art,
In all the Glories that delude the Heart:
Yet tell me, tell; have they the pow'r to ſave?
Or can they priviledge you from the Grave?

The Grave, which favors not the Rich or Fair;
Beauty with Beaſt lies undiſtinguiſh'd there.

But hold——methinks I'me interrupted here,
By ſome vain Fop I neither Love nor Fear;
Who in theſe words his weakneſs does reveal,
And hurts that Wound which he ſhou'd ſtrive to heal.

"Soft Sir, methinks you too inveterate grow;
"And more your Envy, than Diſcretion ſhow.
"Who'd Blame the Sun becauſe he ſhines ſo bright,
"That we can't gaze upon his daz'ling light,
"When at the ſelf-ſame time he cheers the Earth,
"And gives the various Plants, and Bloſſoms birth?
"How does the Winter look, that naked thing,
"Compar'd to the Freſh Glories of the Spring?
"Rivers adorn the Earth; the Fiſh, the Seas;
"Flowers, and Graſs the Meadows; Fruit, the Trees;
"The Stars, the Fields of Air through which they ride;
"And Woman all the works of God beſide:
"Yet baſe detracting Envy won't allow
"They ſhould adorn themſelves; then pray, Sir, now
"Produce ſome Reaſons why y'are ſo ſevere;
"For, envious as you are, you know they're Fair.

And ſo were *Sodom*'s Apples heretofore,
But they were ſtill found rotten at the Core;
Nature without diſpute made all things fair;
And dreſs'd 'em in an unaffected Air:
The Earth, the Meadows, Rivers, ev'ry Flower,
Proclaim the skill of their great Maker's pow'r;
But they, as they were made at firſt, remain,
And all their ancient Luſtre ſtill retain.
Nothing but vain fantaſtick Woman's chang'd;
And through all Miſchief's various Mazes rang'd:
Yet that they're beautiful is not deny'd;
But tell me, are the Unhandſom free from pride?
No, no; the Strait, the Crooked, Ugly, Fair,
Have all, promiſcuouſly, an equal ſhare.

Thus,

Thus, Sir, you ſee how they're eſtrang'd and ſtray'd,
From what by Nature they at firſt were made.

Already many of their Crimes I've nam'd,
Yet that's untol'd for which they moſt are Fam'd:
A ſin (tall as the Pyramids of old)
From whoſe aſpiring top we may behold
Enough to damn a World!——what ſhould it be,
But (Curſe upon the name!) *Inconſtancy?*
O tell me, does the World thoſe Men contain
(For I have look't for ſuch, but look't in vain)
Who ne're were drawn into that fatal Snare?
Fatal I call it, for he's curſt that's there.
Inſpir'd then by my Fellow-ſufferers wrongs,
And glad I am, the Task to me belongs;
I'le bring the Fiend unmask't to humane ſight,
Tho' hid in the black Womb of deepeſt Night.
No more the Wind, the faithleſs Wind, ſhall be
A *Simile* for their Inconſtancy,
For that ſometimes is fixt; but Woman's Mind
Is never fixt, or to one Point inclin'd:
Leſs fixt than in a Storm the Billows are,
Or trembling Leaves the *Aſpen*-Tree does bear,
Which ne're ſtand ſtill, but (ev'ry way inclin'd)
Turn twenty times with the leaſt breath of Wind
Leſs fixt than wanton Swallows while they play
In the Sun-beams, to welcome in the Day:
Now yonder, now they're here, as ſoon are there,
In no place long, and yet are ev'ry where.
Like a toſs'd Ship their Paſſions fall and riſe,
One while you'd think it touch'd the very Skies,
When ſtreight upon the Sand it grovling lies.
Ev'n ſhe her ſelf, *Sylvia*, th'lov'd and fair,
Whoſe one kind look cou'd ſave me from deſpair;
She, ſhe whoſe Smiles I valu'd at that rate,
To enjoy them I ſcorn'd the frowns of Fate;
Ev'n ſhe her ſelf, (but Ah! I'm loth to tell,
Or blame the Crimes of one I lov'd ſo well;

But it must out) ev'n she, swift as the Wind,
Swift as the airy motions of the Mind,
At once prov'd false, and perjur'd, and unkind.
Here they to day invoke the Pow'rs above,
As Witnesses to their Immortal Love;
When (lo!) away the airy Fantom flies,
And e're it can be said to live, it dies:
Thus all Religious Vows, and Oaths they break,
With the same ease and freedom as they speak.
Nor is that sacred Idol, Marriage, free,
Marriage! which musty Drones affirm to be
The tye of Souls, as well as Bodies! nay,
The Spring that does through unseen Pipes convey
Fresh sweets to Life, and drives the bitter dregs away!
The Sacred Flame, the Guardian Pile of Fire,
That guides our steps to peace! nor does expire,
Till it has left us nothing to desire!
Ev'n thus adorn'd, the Idol is not free
From the swift turns of their Inconstancy.
Witness th' *Ephesian* Matron——
Who to the Grave with her dead Husband went,
And clos'd her self up in his Monument;
Where on cold Marble she lamenting lay,
In sighs, she spent the Night; in Tears, the Day,
And seem'd to have no use of Life, but mourn it all away.
The wond'ring World extoll'd her faithful Mind,
Extoll'd her as the best of Woman-kind:
But see the World's mistake; and with it, see
The strange effect of wild Inconstancy!
For she her self, ev'n in that sacred Room,
With one brisk, vig'rous On-set was o'recome,
And made a Brothel of her Husband's Tomb:
Whose pale Ghost trembl'd in its Sacred Shrowd,
Wond'ring that Heav'n th' Impious Act allow'd:
Horror in Robes of Darkness stalkt around;
And through the frighted Tomb did Groans resound:
The very Marbles wept, the Furies howl'd,
And in hoarse Murmurs their amazement told.

All

All this ſhook not the dictates of her Mind,
But with a boldneſs, ſuited to her kind,
She made her Husband's Ghoſt, (in Death, a Slave!)
Her neceſſary Pimp ev'n in his Grave!
What need I fetch theſe Inſtances from old?
There now live thoſe that are as bad, and bold,
Of Quality too, Young, Vig'rous, Luſtful, Fair;
But for their Husbands ſakes their Names I ſpair.
Are theſe (ye Gods) the Virtues of a Wife?
The Peace that Crowns a Matrimonial Life?
Is this the Sacred Prize for which we fight,
And hazard Life and Honour with delight?
Bliſs of the Day? and Rapture of the Night?
The Reins, that guide us in our wild Careers?
And the Supporter of our feeble Years?
No, no, 'tis Contradiction; rather far
They are the cauſe of all our Boſom-war;
The very Source, and Fountain of our Woe,
From whence Deſpair, and Doubt for ever flow:
The Gall, that mingles with our beſt delight;
Rank to the Taſte, and nauſeous to the Sight:
A Days, the weight of Care that clogs the Breaſt,
At Night the Hagg that does diſturb our reſt,
Our mortal Sickneſs in the midſt of Health;
Chains in our Freedom; Poverty in Wealth:
Th' Eternal Peſtilence, and Plague of Life;
Th' Original, and Spring of all our Strife;
Theſe rather are the Virtues of a clam'rous VVife!

O why, ye awful Pow'rs, why was't your Will
To mix our ſolid Good with ſo much Ill?
But you foreſaw our Crimes wou'd ſoar too high,
And ſo made them your Vengeance to ſupply:
For not the wild deſtructive waſte of War,
Nor all the endleſs Lab'rinths of the Bar,
Famine, Revenge, perpetual loſs of Health,
No, nor that grinning Fiend, Deſpair it ſelf,

When

When it inſults with moſt tyrannick ſway,
Can plague or torture man ſo much as they.
But hold——don't let me blame the Pow'rs Divine;
Or at the wondrous Works they made, repine.
All firſt was good, form'd by th' unerring VVill,
Tho' much has ſince degenerated to ill:
Ev'n Woman was (ſay they) made chaſte and good;
But Ah! not long in that bleſt State ſhe ſtood:
Swift as a Meteor glides thro' air ſhe fell,
And ſhow'd, to love that Sex too much, is one ſure way to Hell.

But ſtop my Pen; for who can comprehend,
Or trace thoſe Crimes which ne're can have an end?
The Sun, the Moon, the Stars that gild the Sky,
The VVorld, and all its glories too muſt dye,
And in one univerſal Ruine lye:
But they ev'n Immortality will gain,
And live——but muſt for ever live in pain;
For ever live, damn'd to eternal Night,
And never more review the Sacred Light.
Beware then, dull deluded Man, beware;
And let not vitious Women be the Snare,
To make you the Companions with 'em there:
Scorn their vain Smiles, their little Arts deſpiſe,
And your Content at that juſt value prize,
As not to let thoſe rav'nous Thieves of Prey
Rifle, and bear the ſacred Gueſt away;
'Tis they, 'tis they that rob us of that Gem;
How could we loſe it were it not for them?
Avoid 'em then, with all the gaudy Arts,
They daily practiſe to amuſe our Hearts;
Avoid 'em, as you wou'd avoid their Crimes,
Or the mad Follies that infeſt the Times.

But now, ſhou'd ſome (for doubtleſs we may find
Many a ſtupid Aſs among Mankind,)
Shou'd ſuch contemn the wholeſome Rules I give,
And in contempt of what I've ſpoke, ſtill live

Like

Like baſe ſoul'd Slaves, and Fetters chuſe to wear,
When they may be as unconfin'd as Air,
Or the wing'd Race that do inhabit there;
May all the Plagues an ill Wife can invent,
Purſue 'em with eternal Puniſhment:
May they——but ſtay, my Curſes I foreſtall;
For in that Curſe I've comprehended all——
But ſay, Sir, if ſome Pilot on the Main
Shou'd be ſo mad, ſo reſolutely vain,
To ſteer his Bark upon that fatal Shore,
Where he has ſeen ten thouſand wrack't before,
Tho' he ſhou'd periſh there; ſay, wou'd you not
Beſtow a Curſe on the Notorious Sot?
Truſt me, the Man's as much to blame as he,
Who ventures his frail Bark out wilfully,
On the Wild, Rocky, Matrimonial Sea;
When round about, and juſt before his Eyes,
Such a deſtructive waſte of fatal Ruine lies.

FINIS.